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Cantabunt Sibiles, unanimique PATRES."

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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXIV

MAY, 1919

No. 5

EDITORS.

JOHN WILLIAMS ANDREWS, CHAIRMAN.

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THINGS AND THEORIES.

ANTI-CLIMAXES are stupid—especially in the marvelous flush of spring-time and the glorious awakening of May days. And the Peace Conference is an anti-climax. What a bore it is! An odd half-dozen of middle-aged gentlemen with a terrific sense of their own importance and responsibility swapping nations over the table, while the editors and quasi-poets and pseudo-literary quidnuncs write high-flown paragraphs and loudly demand that the great sacrifice of blood and treasure (always blood and treasure, you know—that sounds so well over the morning coffee) shall not be rendered vain. What do the gentlemen know about blood and treasure? What are blazing planes or bursting “whizz-bangs” or stifling walls of a submarine to them? Theories, theories, high-spun, clever, intangible theories. Where do we reach bottom?

“Ah,” says the world, “theories are realities.” And bending a baleful eye upon the College Man, it continues, “The Future is yours. Learn to grapple with it. Take Economics.” So the College Man, who does not care very much what he takes anyway, because it is spring and the War is over, obeys. Whereupon Economics dangles a Phi Beta Kappa key before his dazzled eyes and proclaims weighty platitudes, until the College Man, whose friend may have been lost in the North Sea, goes elsewhere. Economics heralds the social millenium with the adoption of the Scientific Attitude. That looks very impressive when you write it with capitals. But Hugo Grotius saw the millenium in international arbitration, John Milton

gazed into a brilliant future illumined by the torch of the Puritan Commonwealth, Shelley read it in the flaming letters of Parliamentary reform, Victor Hugo heard its footsteps mingled in the rifle fire of the Parisian barricades—and so on and on. Theory piled on theory and misery piled on misery. The Scientific Attitude! Do the gentlemen in Paris fail to adopt the Scientific Attitude, or is it just possible that Economics is over-sanguine? Always the same great structures of ideas that never rest on bottom; the same great structures of want and suffering and agony that will never sink into the sea of the past. Where do we get, what is the use?

The trouble may perhaps be found in the failure to differentiate. "There's a power av vartue in keepin' things sep'rate," as Kipling's fisherman remarked. Ideas live in the minds of people, but facts rather exist in the stupidity of things. Both quite real, they are both quite distinct. Perhaps we are caught in the predestination of the universe, perhaps there will always be wars and agonies. Those are things that grip the corporate whole of the world, and that we may never be able to escape from. From Agincourt to Blenheim, from Blenheim to Waterloo, from Waterloo to the Marne, from the Marne to Heaven only knows what the vicious circle goes on, and perhaps there is nothing that our ideas and theories can do for us to help us break it. But the ideas are there; where do they come in?

It must be that they function in the place in which they originate—the individual personality. Things are the mazes of reality in which we are all gripped together. Ideas are the individual passages through which we can escape, one by one. It may be just possible that Mr. Wilson and Mr. George and M. Clemenceau will make no more vital break in the inexorable chain of events than any three East Side privates sacrificed in a trench raid and forgotten the next day. But in just so much as either Mr. Wilson or Private Jones is acting in accord with definite ideals, theories, which he has formed for himself, he escapes from the maze of events. The escape will never lie in the actual breaking of the fetters, maybe, but in the defiance to those fetters, in the personal vision of the life beyond the fetters.

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Things and Theories.

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For after all, the world may be wrong, and the Scientific Attitude, while it undoubtedly has its place, may not be the whole story. And this will be so if it is true, not that the future is in our hands, but that we are in the future's hands. If it is thus, we need not necessarily dazzle ourselves with Economics' Phi Beta Kappa key. We need not take ourselves so terribly seriously—provided only that we do take count of ourselves somehow. If we have succeeded in building some honest mental foundation for ourselves, if we have amassed some real ideas, real principles, real ideals, we can feel ourselves free to meet the future with our debt to it fully discharged, even if we do not comprehend all the mystic meaning of the intersection of the Supply and Demand Curves. Let the College Man take Economics. It may amuse him. But does it, after all, offer a *better* guide to the life we must live than the classics, art, and literature?

Walter Millis.

THE LOST IDEAL.

ALTHOUGH, to speak by the book, the church is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace; nevertheless there has never been a time, since the church was the church, when it was not necessary to make distinction between the animating grace and the accepted sign. But if we take as our definition of religion Carlyle's emphasizing of what a man does actually believe, a strong case can be made for the historical synthesis of ecclesiastical pronouncement and personal religion. The church militant has almost invariably fought for what Christian soldiers individually desired. Great historians who hold the church responsible for the major part of the last two thousand years of European history are in singular agreement on one point: the source of the power of the church has been its readiness to express concretely and beautifully and to champion without reservation the ideals of whatever crowd may gather together in the name of the Nazarene.

Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the early church. The need of inarticulate slaves for a philosophy of idealism, for a consistent meaning to apply to the riddle of existence, for heroes whom Caesars could not cower, whom wealth could not debauch, gave St. Paul's (or St. Peter's) apostolic successors the opportunity to make Rome Christian. The incidental historian attributes to the conversion of Constantine the establishment of Christianity in the Empire. I think I am right in saying that the spiritual conversion of Constantine is a debatable question; but there is no doubt that Constantine was politically converted to the establishment of Christianity. Politically, the conversion of Constantine was inevitable. In the same way the trend for nearly a thousand years was towards the creation of the supreme Vicar of God, because, sooth, the people demanded a Vicar of God.

And so throughout twenty centuries. The principles of the church have never differed fundamentally from the spiritual aspirations of the people, because the establishment of

church and sect have come only in answer to tremendous popular demands.

There has, however, rarely been a time when the church did not theoretically advocate what practically it did not attempt. This is no condemnation of the church or the shepherds of the flock; it is an admission of humanity; for even saint and hermit must ever be learning anew to pray aright. The human race has always been so intent on proposing one phase of the truth that it has at the same time been inclined to forget if not to deny all other aspects of the truth. We run after liberty and lose responsibility. We hunt poetry and forget life. We are ambitious for strength and lose integrity. So the aspirations of the Christian body have been singularly angular, strangely distorted. Thus Christianity has given us Gregory VII, Simeon Stylites, Cromwell, Newman, Savonarola, John Calvin—all of them great partly by reason of being blind in more directions than most people, and none of them conceivably coupled together.

Is Christianity lop-sided to-day? Is Christianity—organized Christianity—stressing one truth to the exclusion of all else? If so, how? The question is raised, because in a community where the amenities of life make the necessity of religion apparently negligible men are apt to underestimate the incalculable influence of the church in public affairs where insecurity is the outstanding fact of existence. Church and State cannot separate. They never have been separate. St. Augustine's "City of God" was a great political pamphlet. Every sermon preached each Sabbath in every little village chapel is a stump speech. College men, fresh from the scientific laboratories may be able to cubbyhole religion, ethics, politics, the people cannot. The people's vote represents the ultimate result of all that goes to make up their emotions and illusions; and the emotions and illusions of the vast majority of people are still controlled by some religious establishment.

Popular opinion ascribes to ecclesiastical power an intimate connection with monarchical power and is prone to exult over the impotency of the church amid the theoretically free institutions of a nation, which is categorically a democracy. But it is as wrong to attribute the temporal power of the church to

an adaptation of monarchy as it is to refuse to recognize the power of the church when its leaders no longer wear crowns. The power—even the temporal power—of the church during the years of monarchy resided primarily in its hold over what would now be called the general electorate; and whenever and wherever the faith of the electorate in its church waned, the electorate never showed the slightest hesitancy in transferring popularly derived power from the old church which had ceased to represent it to a new church which for the time being should represent it. It was the people behind the church that made it greater than monarchies, and the only reason that the church to-day does not create kings is because it does not need them. The church is perfectly able and content to work through democracies. It is a mistake, therefore, for democracies to believe that with them the church is powerless because it works through, and not against, or parallel to them.

There is a very good reason why it is difficult to cite from American history specific examples of the influence of the church in national government. The reason is that the stress of the early church in America was upon individuals. The church was interested chiefly in the individual soul which was in danger of going to hell. It cared little about the collective soul of the race. But it is equally obvious that early American government was what it was because of the fashion into which the church had moulded New Englanders and Pennsylvanians individually.

And the reason why it is so necessary to watch the working of the church to-day is exactly the opposite. The church to-day loves figures. The church is far more solicitous for the ten thousand damned in the slums than for the five good men that may happily be found in the city. And the five good men find less and less to attract them to the church. Briefly and platitudinously, the ideals of the Christian church to-day are sociological. Whether or not the stress of the social as opposed to the individual ideal will augment the influence of the church is yet much in doubt. The point for our discussion is merely that the church is definitely making a bid for direct nation-wide influence upon socialized government.

The outstanding illustration of the manner in which the church is taking hold of the present course of the American government is the Roosevelt third-party movement in 1912. The Progressives paraded through Chicago singing hymns. But, further than that, the greatest influence behind Wilson, both in 1912 and since then, has been the church's support of his social legislation. The support of the Progressives and of Wilson by the church is all part of the same movement, and in the same direction.

The most obvious contemporary illustration of the church in politics has been the concern which prosecutors of the war consistently sought to divest the war of its economic issues and make it appear universally and absolutely a war of ideals, so that in the pulpits of the country it might be advocated as a holy war. It is a nice speculation whether or not Germany would have been defeated if the churches of America had not been convinced of the diabolism of William II. To a certain extent it may be argued that here the state controlled the church, but it must be remembered that religious sentiment was for war long before the government saw the justice, not to say the necessity, of war.

Thirdly, the most typical illustration, is the fact that the Prohibition amendment is chiefly the work of the church, work begun early in the nineteenth century.

This is some of the external evidence of the church in politics and society, of the church in so far as it is a united church. The dominating ideal of the church in so far as the church is at one is the ideal of social service.

Now there are those who object to this ideal as manifested, for instance, in the Prohibition amendment. There are many who contend that life, individual life, robbed of the possibility of tragedy is shorn of the probability of ultimate satisfaction. But on the whole it is a noble ideal which dominates the church. It is a compelling Christ which His ministers are exalting. "I came not to be ministered unto," "He that loseth his life," "I am the great Shepherd of the sheep," "Come unto me all ye that are weary." These phrases are the avowed platform of the contemporary Christ, the working Jesus, the idealist whose star is actually lugging a wagon along, lugging it along

even if it is hard to say whither. I say it is a great, and good, and essentially beautiful ideal.

It is therefore not with any thought of disparagement of the existing church, or of the Christ which is now shown as its leader, that I suggest a consideration of the value of some of the other ideals which have from time to time been uppermost in Christian thought. For instance, in the year that King Uzziah died, Isaiah saw the Lord. Isaiah saw the Lord "sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple. Above Him stood the seraphim: each one had six wings: with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." You see, four wings for worship, only two wings for service. Here to begin with is a lost ideal.

The lost ideal is the ideal of holiness.

Henry R. Luce.

SONGS FOR A CHILD.

SONG FOR A CHILD CHASING A BUBBLE.

Swift! Swift! Whirling,
Headlong, petal-hurling,
Wind, wind, whither blowing?
Take me where brown brooks are flowing,
Where the white-fringed orchid's growing,
Wind, wind, whither blowing?

Up! Up! Dancing,
Through the meadows glancing.
Bubble, bubble, whither flying?
Lead me where new hay is lying
And the plaintive thrush is crying.
Bubble, bubble, whither flying?

Dreams! Dreams! Stealing,
White-winged birds a-wheeling.
Sleep, sleep, whither straying.
Sooth me where bright clouds are graying
And silver dream fountains are playing.
Sleep, sleep, whither straying?

PROBLEM.

Four bright pennies in a purse of brown,
Shall I buy mamma a purple gown
Or a cart to drive her round the town
Or—shall I salt the money down?—
Four bright pennies in a purse of brown.

Four bright windows where the street-car stops,
Oh lollipops, oh lollipops,
And two-for-a-penny lemon drops.
What interesting candy shops!
Four bright windows where the street-car stops.

A PREFERENCE.

Some children like gay weather,
When the world is dry for play;
But that's so quiet and stupid.
I like a windy day,

When the gray clouds hide the sky,
And the fury white clouds sink low,
And the thunder-heads tumble over the hill
From where, I don't quite know;

When small drops rustle the leaves
And large drops bend the flowers,
Pounding the dusty turnpike—
Rain, rain, for hours and hours;

Till the big brooks jump down the mountain
And the little brooks cover the plain.
Oh, yes! I like the rainy days,
When the world gets clean again.

John Chipman Farrar.

WHO FOLLOWS NOT.

Alas the years which with unfailing trust
O'er many a book—ah, I have spent, and lost!
Behold within my hands their leaves are dust
And their high spirits one dim holocaust.

Alas the wonderment of my fond art,
The white rose I have cherished 'neath my heart:
The petals at my loving touch fall limp away,
And the dull fate-spod dawn doth tint them gray.

But somewhere 'cross the sea,
That beats upon the beach,
Below my study, steadily,
(Below my study, heavily)—
They say that some men reach
An island circled by a different sea
Of an unchanging blue;
And that within its bosom aye shall be
(Within its bosom for eternity)
Old roses ever new.

But I have never wandered from my books, apart,
While yet they lived: And doubt I shall depart
From these my hallowed, yes, my only dead;
Nor dream of whither deathless they had led.

Henry R. Luce.

MISSION HILL.

Y way of warning, let me say that this story hasn't any ending to it at all. It merely stops. For in this modern world that we have thought out for ourselves where the human being is reduced to a complex result of millions of previous human beings and helps in every action to shape the lives of millions more, stories naturally do not end, but go on for ages. And that is the difficulty of the story teller. The very best he can do is to separate one little thread of circumstances from the mighty cable of human life, follow it for a distance and then drop it, to conjecture where it will wind and twist away to.

So with Phil Landon's story. I might begin it almost anywhere. Even Sherman's famous campaign to the sea, and the blazing torches that his reckless soldiery scattered through one old Southern town would not be beside the point. Who knows what Phil might have been if his grandfather's cotton warehouses had not vanished in the great clouds of smoke that rolled up from the city across Mission Hill fifty odd years ago? The "Landon House" stood on Mission Hill, and Phil's grandmother with a little group of frightened negroes gathered about her had looked down from the great porch on the leaping flames that swept her and her children into poverty. The distant shouting and the wild play of lights had come up to them between the trunks of the five giant pine trees standing in the yard before the grace, white-porticoed, old house. Years after that when Phil was a very little boy he would watch the glowing red and yellow sunsets through the black silhouette of the trees and fancy that the blazing west was a great city afire, until he frightened himself with his own imagining. Later, when he was old enough to know the story of the real fire, he would often turn back to the house, after the gorgeous spectacle had faded, with a hot, helpless anger over the weather-worn paint blistering from the tall pillars, or the broken blind hanging from one hinge in a sort of hopelessness over the absence of means or energy to repair it.

Phil was a dreamy boy, and he made a kind of refuge and support of the quiet dignity of his home, and the gentle but firm note of Southern conservatism and pride that breathed through its cool halls. He was the child of an atmosphere,—a quaint curious atmosphere once more general in the cotton states than now, which one often stumbles on in communities with pasts that they may remember. It was not exactly that the household was representative of the ante-bellum South; it had none of the fire, the vigor, and dash of those brilliant days when men with long curling hair mixed smashing toddies to black-eyed belles and then snapped pistols at each other as a result of the black eyes—and the toddies. Not the old South, but rather the quiet, proud husk of the old South, projected most illogically into a vital life of to-day which is the proper descendant of that former one. And it was a husk which wrapped Phil away from the common run of boys of his age, and distinguished him from the talkative town youths, with tastes for brilliant neckties and racy stories. His best companion was his mother, a gentle little lady but with an indefinite stiffness about her that strangers could not understand. His father, who had fallen into those doldrums of life which follow upon a careless youth and an unsuccessful manhood had less in common with his son, who often puzzled him; and other people as well, for the boy's life was a curious one.

How curious never occurred to Phil until he grew older and took to watching sunsets with the aid of another pair of eyes. A most attractive pair it was, too, as others besides Phil were ready to acknowledge, and he began to find lights and shadows reflected in them which he had never seen on the clouds. Lucy Howard was the daughter of neighbors,—he had known her for a long time. But for all that he could not describe her. He had tried once to do so in his mind and had suddenly checked himself with a feeling of repugnance at the attempt. That surprised him a little and he wondered over it until it gave him an inkling into what she was coming to mean for him. At any rate, in her absence he thought of her as an embodiment of pretty grace and delicate strength, and went no farther. Perhaps he found too much in the mobile face and flying form to attempt to picture it.

Of course, he began to confide in her. Indeed, Lucy Howard had a certain eagerness of thought and quickness of perception about her that could not fail to attract confidence.

"But it's no use, Lucy," he would protest occasionally. "I can't quite follow you. You are here and there and half a mile ahead of me while I'm trying to catch where you're driving. You always know what I'm after quickly enough. I suppose I'm stupid—"

"Pshaw," cried Lucy, with a toss of her pretty head, "don't go fishing for compliments. You know you're not stupid, Phil. You're inexperienced."

"Well, I don't see that your—"

"No, of course you don't see. And just because you *are* inexperienced. You stay on Mission Hill too much."

Well, perhaps he did, and Phil had to admit to himself that the life he was growing into was not very broad although it might be a little deeper than that of some of the boys whom he knew. Deeper perhaps by the height of the Landon library, but narrower—by a great deal. Four years in a Southern college sufficed to show him the degree of that narrowness. Really Southern colleges produce very artistic results,—along certain lines. At any rate he acknowledged to Lucy that his life was blank in several directions.

She would have told him so again had he not acknowledged it. When the little summer winds soughed through the great pines in the cool of the evening, and the majestic western glories slowly heaved and changed beyond the inky trunks and needles, she would tell him many things that vaguely disquieted him.

"There's so much, Lucy," he said at one of those times, "that I can't understand."

"What like?"

"You, for instance."

She laughed,—an inimitable little laugh and gesture that he treasured very close to his heart.

"That's because you stick your nose into theories," she said. "And what good are theories? Did they tell you that I danced six times with Tommy Bangs last Wednesday just to make you uncomfortable because you would explain your ideas on the

feminine vote to me? Tommy hasn't any ideas in his head, of course, but I had to punish you somehow."

"But I thought you agreed with me on the subject."

"Perfectly."

"Then why punish?"

"Exactly! Why indeed?"

Where was he at that? The pines soughed quietly and she jumped up and ran away down the cool breeze because she saw Bangs standing outside her gate. Phil went indoors and admitted once more that she was right.

And then came a great event. The decision was finally made that Phil should take his law course in New York. He was a little surprised that his father should be able to afford the expensive education. He felt that Columbia University and the necessary outlay would be a pretty heavy strain on the family resources. But he knew that his father had that pride in him amounting to a kind of respect, which men sometimes feel for sons whom they do not understand. So he accepted a sacrifice which he felt was gladly made, and imagined that he could repay it better by proving it a successful one than by worrying over how his father could afford it.

Besides, he found himself much more worried over another subject—or Subject, more so than he had ever been when he had gone away before. Perhaps it was only that New York seemed so immeasurably farther away, such an unapproachable new planet; or perhaps it was not New York that was unapproachable—. Phil angrily refused to discuss motives with himself. But Bangs and the others, for there were others—too many of them—. Anyway, Phil manœuvred for the pines at sunset on more than one evening, but the first time he was successful he could not get out with what he was trying to express. Then, the next time Bangs appeared, and after that wretched evening Phil was utterly at a loss. It might have been just possible that he was not the only one at a loss—but how could a man tell that? Phil couldn't, at least.

So he worried on until the last day. This time, mercifully spared from Bangsesque interruption, he sat with Lucy on the highest step of the old porch looking out, as they had so often and often done before, across the fragrant pines into the west.

It was one of those marvelous sunsets pregnant with vague promises of the future and troubled, crowding memories of the past. The clouds in scattered lines and shifting masses were spread out over the whole heaven while the angry sun flooded them with a thousand lights, now fierce and wild, now soft and sweet, glorious reds and delicate pinks, magnificent golds and deep, rich purples that made all the sky a huge visible reflection of life and passion.

"Ah," said Phil, with suppressed feeling, "*that* is supreme."

The girl was silent; the ordinary banalities were beneath her. But the glory of the evening and the confusion in his mind over the morrow's parting struck into the young man's soul and he struggled with his tongue to express his thoughts.

"Don't," said the girl simply.

He shot a quick glance at her.

"Don't try to talk about it. For how can you? It's—foolish to try."

He breathed deeply. "Yes, I know it's foolish. But—but when *that's* spread out before you, and there's so much crowding in your head—and, perhaps—", he resolved on a desperate stroke, "perhaps there's so much more crowding in your heart—"

"Yes, of course. But isn't it in my heart, too? A confusion—and that's the best one can do."

He looked at her delicate head, bent forward against the light so that he could see the way the hair just caressed the slender neck. He hardly realized how she had parried him, the counter was so subtle, but he suddenly felt that he *had* been parried. It discouraged him; it seemed as if he would never touch her.

The west changed and changed and they watched the farthest red streamers fade and withdraw one by one.

"Well," he sighed, "if you or I could only catch the meaning yonder, if only for one instant, we could—we could shake the world with it!"

Lucy turned quickly toward him; it was one of those pretty, characteristic little movements of the sort that lovers cherish.

"Shake the world! That's a grand thing to say!" She paused a moment, and shifted the emphasis. "That's a grand thing to *say*, Phil."

"Ah, you mean I should never *do* it. Perhaps not. If I could only catch all the real inner sense of one of those clouds—no, if I understood it all I should be something like a god—but even one little fraction of it, the world would lie in my hand." He looked into her eyes. "And then, more than the world, perhaps."

Quickly she bent forward again. "No, Phil," she said softly. "Nothing more." Phil felt his heart stop and choke. "Nothing more in *that* way. It might be your world you would hold, but it would be a dream world, and not mine. Mine is a real one. Why, Phil," she cried, looking up again, "the world *is* at your hand! People, life, action, struggle—a thousand marvelous things spread out right down there at our feet. How can you do anything great by looking at clouds?"

It was a direct challenge. She had flung it down at last. His life on Mission Hill, the atmosphere he moved in, the whole foundation and creed of his existence was called in question. Suddenly, finally he felt the depth of division between them, looked into her eyes and realized that he could never sound their depths unless—unless he could surrender his dreams. And in the same moment he felt, dimly but positively, that he was powerless to make that surrender.

Lucy went on quietly, "You've never accepted the challenge of reality, Phil. Great things, world-shaking things, don't come out of skies, but out of people. Out of factories and mines and mills and ships and armies. I've dreamt of *those* things!"

"And haven't I, too?"

"In my world they are not for a man to *dream* about. Mission Hill has spoiled you."

And uncomfortably he accepted what she said in silence. The light still sank down into the deepening colors, the great golden banners had died away and the dark, confused cloud masses were set wandering over the skies without light and without guide. The pines rustled.

"Mission Hill," said Lucy, "is a relic of the past, and like most relics lacks—", she paused for a long time.

"What?"

"Life!" The girl tossed her head and laughed the sweetest laugh in the world. "Good-bye, Phil," and she was gone. He could not know that the laugh was lost in tears before her flying feet had passed the gate-post. He turned indoors, to the quiet, dark old house with its tall, cool ceilings. His mother was on the porch.

"What is it, Phil?"

But he scarcely knew how to answer. And so, full of vague perplexities, he left Mission Hill for wider fields.

II.

Phil was such an intensely family boy—the sort who lives at home no matter where he may be on the map. The atmosphere of Mission Hill was no less upon him in his uptown room than under the tall pillars or in the cool hall of the old Southern house. The Lares and Penates sat over the gas fireplace as surely as those of an ancient Roman ever guarded a settler's hearth in Transalpine Gaul. And he would pray to them, too—when he wrote letters home. He was too keen of mind not to look for new ideas and impressions, and too intelligent not to grasp them. But he tried to understand them only in the light of Mission Hill, and that is not the way to develop a comprehensive philosophy. The new and dashing elements only confused him, because he could not accept that last challenge, the challenge of Life.

As for the people he met, some of them might have confused anyone. Tom Harker, for instance—a curious, long-legged, happy-go-lucky sort of individual with a fondness for red string neckties and insignia of the celluloid button sort on his coat lapel. He wore glasses and hung about the School of Journalism, where he came to the surface occasionally as an eccentricity, even among the eccentricities of that school. Phil met him at one of those student restaurants, where the waitresses giggle or frown at the customer in accordance with their estimate of the man outside of the stomach. They frowned at Phil.

The waitress that morning had inadvertently brought oatmeal instead of cornflakes, due to excessive interest in a young gentleman in cordovans at the next table.

"Damn," said Tom Harker, clearly and without animosity. Phil looked at him, amused at the impersonal tone.

"The only swear words," said Tom, with gravity, "which a gentleman may ever permit himself are 'hell' and 'damn'."

"Indeed?" said Phil. "I can't say that it ever occurred to me in that way."

Tom regarded him with a vague air of patronage. "There must be many things which never occurred to you in that way."

This was rather cryptic.

"In fact, which never occurred to you in many ways."

This was rather annoying.

"You seem to be fairly quick in your personal estimates." Phil was a trifle nettled. It was insolent, especially to a man of educated intelligence.

"Not at all. You are evidently a gentleman, sir. You are evidently Southern by your accent. Hence there are many things which would not naturally occur to you. For instance—", and Harker's eyes twinkled with a shrewd superiority, "that I have risen above being a gentleman myself."

"Indeed?" Phil was not sure that doubts of this person's breeding hadn't already occurred to him.

"In fact," continued the other, "I'm going down into the East Side to-night to organize an Attack upon Society."

Now, before the war attacks upon society were not necessarily identified with enemy intrigue and pro-German propaganda. This happened before the relation had been discovered, so Phil admitted that the brief prospectus sounded interesting.

"You think so? Then I congratulate you. They *are* interesting. Come and see me do it."

"Yes, I should like to *see* you do it."

"You shall," cried Tom, not noticing the slight accent on the infinitive, "gentleman as you are, you shall!"

And so they did. This particular attack was some strike or other, forgotten now, but a live enough issue that evening in the dull gas-lit hall crowded with eager humanity. Phil

watched with curiosity the dark-faced men, ragged as to fingernails and uncertain as to linen, all very plainly demanding something, but all very awkward about just what it was or how to express it. Curiously, too, he watched the long-legged, ungainly Harker throw something into his speech that it had lacked in their morning's conversation—something of fire, of intensity that at once caught and led the struggling thought of the audience. Harker played on them with the deftness of the organist at his console. It *was* novel, queer and interesting, and Phil thought about it afterwards often enough.

He was attracted by Harker and the curious things he said and the more curious things he did. Phil told himself that he was broadening his mind—but he was really only dabbling about in new ideas as a child might dabble with a new box of water-colors. It was a strange mixed pageant that Harker passed before him. They would burrow into cheap cellars in the slums where beer and astonishingly good cigars circulated among unshaven men who talked Strindberg's relation to modern thought; they would investigate the made-to-order seductions of Greenwich Village, where they fell in with languid collegians in long 'coon-skin auto coats who had never heard of Strindberg, unless he was that yearling who ran in the Kentucky Derby a couple of years ago; and they would talk endlessly.

It was fascinating when Tom, with a far-off look in his glowing eyes, told the facts of the great tide of industry, the ceaseless turnings and the sudden upheavals in the vast clashing world of mines and docks and factories. He would talk of the bitter social wars, of the people who fought the battles, of the leaders and rank and file and camp followers and always and ever of the great fierceness of the victories and the blackness of the defeats, when men went down to eternal damnation under the blast fires of Pittsburg, or rose into great power and authority from the heart-breaking sweatshops of the East Side. It was magnificent, but terrifying, too, at times when he spoke with that sudden intensified earnestness in his voice, his fingers nervously playing with each other.

Phil would turn back to his own home as to a refuge and a relief. He would describe in reply the gentle softness of the

evening lights along under the live-oaks of the wide, generous Southern streets, the old mossy walls, the delicate tracings of a colonial doorway set in weathered brick, and the warm odors of the honeysuckle and box in the gardens. He told of the quiet and friendly life of the place, where everyone was a neighbor or a relative, a life still harboring behind walls of reserve and pride and delicate honor memories of a great past and a dead struggle, a life standing between an end and a beginning.

He felt, unconsciously but powerfully, the security of that atmosphere, and he clung to it with all the force of instinct. He wrote home of what he did and saw, and he even fancied himself as a man of the world, and hoped that with his broadening knowledge he might soften the verdict of those flashing eyes. But Lucy read between the lines of his long accounts, and—he never could do the same for her replies. She did answer—occasionally and carelessly. It never occurred to him that carelessness could be studied, or why the last few lines of that hurried note (so very hurried; you see, he *was* stupid in some things) were blotted. He had not met the challenge; life in a thousand new and varied forms was flowing past him—but she knew that he was still sitting on the bank.

And then—Fate. There came to Phil, as it will come to men and to nations, that fearful instant of time when Circumstance empowered with the ideas men have wrought into it, arises to distort and destroy the creations of a lifetime. In that instant he was torn loose from everything which had meant existence to him and was thrown with the brutal suddenness that leaves no time for preparation or defence, naked against the elemental facts of life.

It was a letter, nothing more, from the family's lawyer. There had been an accident, and his father and mother killed at the same moment. But that was not the full catastrophe. The collapse of his father's business had followed almost immediately; the books were discovered to have been falsified, and the honor of the family had gone down in the irretrievable ruin. Everything was so crushingly complete; for several moments his mind could not grasp the full ghastly meaning

of the paper in his hands. He sat dumbly on his bed, refusing almost to think.

Harker happened upon him so. The lanky fomenter of attacks upon society checked himself very suddenly as he met the other's eyes.

"Well—?"

Phil answered by silently holding out the letter. It did not take long to read, its brevity was almost criminal. Tom laid his hand very gently on the boy's shoulder.

"Come," he said, "don't *let* it get you like that!"

There was no response. "Now," thought Harker, "I suppose I shall see the reaction of crushing sorrow on a normal man." But there seemed to be no reaction. A sudden misgiving shot across Tom's mind, and he roughened his voice in an effort to rouse the other.

"Well, you *must* do something about it!"

"Do? What is there to do?" Phil spoke aimlessly.

"Well, there must be something left, something to salvage."

"What's the difference? There's—no one to salvage it for." He spoke with an effort.

"How about—", it was difficult, "—the others? The friends, I mean, who lose by it."

"Well, was it *my* fault? Seems to me I lose about as much as anyone."

"No, but as a point of honor, you know—"

Phil started up suddenly. "Oh, damn the honor! Don't you *see* that's the worst of it? Don't you *know* those people, don't you *know* that's gone for good? Do you suppose anything I can do now will ever wipe this off the slate?" He checked his outburst. "No, I don't suppose you *do* know. You never lived there. Well, I reckon I don't live there either—any more."

Tom was worried. He could not quite tell how the boy was coming out of it. He groped for something to touch him, to hold him with. It was all as elusive as if he were reaching for a drifting, slippery cork. He looked around the room mechanically, until he suddenly saw a picture standing framed on the desk. He pointed to it.

"You might have spared me that," said Phil, suddenly very quiet as he picked up his hat. "Everything her people owned was in the business. *What* a silly little fool I've made of myself over that girl. Well, I suppose it's the end of the chapter." He turned abruptly and crossed to the doorway. He paused there a moment, looking about the room, then suddenly he clenched his fists.

"Oh, hell!" said Phil Landon, and slammed out of the door—for the last time. He was adrift now on the wildest current and nothing remained to draw him back to the bank. The cork had floated beyond reach, and Harker, mystified, saw it disappear.

III.

There are so many things which may happen to a young man in the course of two years that Harker finally gave up speculating, from sheer embarrassment at the number of possible solutions. The life-stream had taken Phil and it kept him, and that at last came to be all that Tom ever thought about it. And then, one day, he walked into the office of a very young and particularly vitriolic radical journal, which had suddenly thrust itself into prominence, to discover none other than Phil Landon sitting serenely in the editorial chair.

"And how," cried Harker joyfully, "in the seven heavens and hells did *you* get here?"

Phil shook hands and ruminated. "I've wondered myself, sometimes, but I never got any very good explanation. Perhaps because the East River is abominably cold—and I always thought death by drowning—er—un-academic."

Harker looked at him sharply. There was a little sarcastic ring in that last very unlike the old Phil. And the face was different, too; strengthened about the eyes a bit—or was it only hardened? Tom wondered.

"But you know—dear me, this certainly is a confounded way to surprise a man—this is the last place I'd have thought of *your* occupying."

"I don't see that it's so incompatible with my character as all that. I have *not* got any infernal machines in the closet—I don't even wear a red necktie, you see."

"No, but you've certainly been making yourself about as unmitigatedly obnoxious to the Powers that Be in the last two months as if you had used up half a dozen neckties, of the brightest red."

"Have I? You're very kind."

Harker perched confidentially on the desk. There weren't any chairs. "You know, somehow I got the idea once that you didn't like to make yourself unpleasant to anyone. Much less the Powers that Be."

"No? But I'm sure it's a good deal easier to be obnoxious than it is to be pleasant."

"You didn't think so once."

Phil's eyes narrowed. "Tom," he said, "you knew me pretty well, I reckon, and maybe you're right about me—as I used to be. But I needn't tell *you* how I'm fixed. And I made a little discovery. When a man hasn't got one damned thing in the world any more that depends on him, he just doesn't care enough about what people think or say to make it worth while to lift a finger. I found that out in my first little argument with the Capitalist Class. This one was a bartender who was my boss and objected to my talking Socialism to the thirsty proletariat. Said he'd fire me. I said go ahead and fire. That wasn't what he wanted, so he said he'd blacklist me, too. I told him I'd just as soon jump in the East River as not. So he fired me, but he didn't blacklist, and when I was thinking it over afterwards I suddenly realized how damnably right I was after all. I *would* just as soon jump in the East River. Why not? Absurdly simple!"

"Yes, it sounds that way, but I prefer terra firma. Phil, you *have* changed, abominably."

So he had; but that did not prevent an instant renewal of the old intimacy. Harker was frankly and thoroughly puzzled to explain Phil. Not only the self-assurance and initiative of this obnoxious young radical (for Landon was rapidly making himself a name now in the industrial world), but the certain hardness and fierceness about him that flashed out now and then was so utterly unlike the quiet passivity of the old days.

"Am I," said Harker to himself, "witnessing the effect of a crushing sorrow on a normal man? And if I am, *what* is it?"

His first clue came one evening when they were on the way home from the opera. They had stood in the gallery and they came out to find it cold and drizzling and they had a long ride ahead of them on crowded trains. The state of mind was not of the happiest, and it did not add to their good nature to have to jump for their lives from under the wheels of a limousine that raced by them. A theatre party was in it—several young people, and one pretty, dark-haired girl in particular who caught Phil's eye.

"Ugh," he grunted. "The fools! The lucky, lucky fools!" The envy was unmistakable.

"Why, that's no sort of sentiment for a social revolutionist! You sound as if you wished that you were one of 'em."

"I do, confound it all.—Oh, rot, what nonsense a fellow will talk!"

But that came too late. There was nothing but passionate longing in the glance—toward respectability. Something stirred in Tom's memory.

"I thought," he said slowly. "I thought a certain chapter was to be closed."

Phil started, just perceptibly. "I suppose you *are* clever, Tom," he said.

So Harker watched the transformation day by day. He saw this strangely different Phil thrust himself with a reckless disregard of men and events into notoriety, into a reputation and into the higher councils of the labor movements. His paper was suppressed and was re-issued, it was suppressed again and the office smashed in a mob fight. But Phil went on his way, while the lines of his face were sharpened and hardened bit by bit. And then there came the great Ellington strike.

"Tom," said Phil, by way of opening a conversation—the *sang-froid* was ever so slightly studied, "Willmott and McGail want me to organize a strike against Ellington, Incorporated."

"Eh? Knew it was coming sooner or later, but this *is* news. I'd expected it later. It will be rather a job, won't it?"

"That's the beauty of the situation."

"But why strike now?"

"That's the great point."

“And why you?”

“That’s the other great point. *Now*, because Ellington have at last put all their eggs in one basket. They’ve got one big contract, the only single big one they’ve ever taken on, and if we can tie ‘em up on that, they’re gone. Always before they’ve been on small jobs, and they could stand to lose, but it won’t work now. Oh, it’s a hold-up, pure and simple.” Phil suddenly leaned closer. “*But* that’s not the main thing. They’re the big bulwark of the open shop. Once Ellington caves we can put the union into every business in the industry. I’m not worrying over the sliding scale so much. It’s the union principle. Chance of a life-time!” Landon’s voice vibrated eagerly.

“And why do they want you?”

“Because Willmott and McGail are afraid of the risk. Don’t you see? You know how the Ellington people are organized—about as cohesive as cats. That means a fight, a big, nasty, uphill fight, and no thanks at all to the leaders if the thing fails. If it does fail, they know the chief men are gone, dead and buried. Willmott and McGail are married men with careers.”

“Well?”

“I’m *not*.”

“Not married, but—”

“Tom,” said Landon deliberately, “do you think I care two red cents for my career? Would I be here now if I did?” And they dropped the subject.

That was the beginning. Phil threw himself into the strike with a whole-souled energy as unlike his old days as the driving forces of industrial life are unlike the quiet atmosphere of Mission Hill. It was a great battle, too, and Harker stood almost aghast at times as he realized the reckless dynamic power that Landon gave to the struggle. There were all the multitudinous forces of the world of men and things, ships and factories, ideas and achievements to be met and played upon and fought with;—a struggle in the truest sense, man against man, move against move, fierce and heartless. For Ellington, Incorporated, was a great industrial power, firmly built upon half a hundred different trades. Their men were poorly organized, ignorant for the most part and wholly un-

stable. To organize, to hold and to lead them called for the *finesse*, the caution and the recklessness of a general. More than once Landon went in to some uneasy audience, largely foreigners, only half understanding the stress of the war they found themselves in, and by some single bold phrase staked the success of a month's effort upon a turn of their vague minds.

The strike was like a whole campaign, rather than a single battle. There were skirmishes, outpost engagements, victories here and defeats there. Again and again the leaders built up their battalions from nothing, or saw success at one factory destroyed by failure at another. Phil stopped nowhere.

"This," he said, "is a war to be *won!*" and he did not care how he won it. He created grievances where there were none, or checked impolitic violence where there were too many.

"They like to call me a blackmailing rascal, Tom," he confided. "Half the papers want to hang me as an enemy of society. Jail as a disturber of the peace suits the more moderate half. But you know as well as I do what unmitigated trash that is. We're *fighting*—to put the union principle into this industry, and Ellington's fighting to keep it out. Why don't they admit it, and drop all this mean, underhanded stuff? Frankly, it's the union principle, and that's all there is to it." Phil, his face flushing with the energy of his idea, was walking up and down the dingy office room at Strike Headquarters. Harker, perched on a table, regarded him, lovingly but curiously.

"Quite all?" he said.

Phil stopped and faced the other suddenly. "What do you mean?"

"Is that quite *all* that's driving you, old man? You used to tell me once—that is, I remember the time when you were rather startled at the idea of attacks upon society."

The other's laugh had a suggestion of bitterness in it, perhaps he realized as much, for he cut it short to say, "I suppose I was rather a stupid little fool. Oh, forget it, Tommy. That's what I've been trying to do."

Harker pulled himself slowly off the table. "Sorry I reminded you, then, Phil. I'll see you to-night when Blackstone

comes in." And he lounged out of the door. But Phil's reckless generalship no longer seemed to him so much the great fanatical power of the crusader as the fierceness of the man who wishes to forget.

The strike dragged on, victory pointing neither one way nor the other. The men were difficult to handle, the year was drawing into the winter and the corporation was strong. But its weak spot remained—the time limit, regardless of labor disturbances, of the contract. None of the strikers knew the terms positively or the exact length of the limit; they could only guess. The issue seemed to be coming to a question of times—endurance of the men against the limit of the written paper. Landon and his aides could not shut down the Ellington factories—they could only cripple them, and guess how far away the cripple's goal might be.

"But this won't do," said McGail. "We're staking too much on uncertainties. We've got to *know* something."

It was a gathering to discuss tactics. The strike had gone on too long, and the leaders began to feel that a turn must come. It was none too boisterous a meeting in the dusty and littered room, under the studiously ungraceful drop-lights which lit the cigarette smoke curling up through the conical tin shades like little smoking volcanoes. There was a cheerless, hard note to the whitewashed walls and weary, battered chairs that was reflected in the hard and cheerless faces of the men. They were all products of rough and cold lives; they were all men who had gone into the fight with an earnestness and a conviction all the stronger for the school they had come from. They knew their ground, they knew their men, as only those leaders can who have risen from the ranks. McGail spoke slowly and positively, like a physician with his hand on a patient's pulse.

"Too much on uncertainties. We've played that game long enough, and they're breaking under our hands."

"Factory 38 scared you," threw in another. "But they were only an isolated case."

"Not me; but it's scared the workers here, and I say we've got to give 'em something positive or they'll panic."

Blackstone, one of the organizers, took up the ball. "There's been too much bitter weather lately. God knows we can't pay coal bills all winter, and when it comes to fighting over the war-chest we haven't got the organization to stand it."

"That's what wound up 38, I suppose."

"And it will finish most of my district in another week." Blackstone spoke with surety.

"And *that* means—" said Willmott.

"That means," Harker finished for him, "just one more week of the strike. Well, why not say it? If we lose factories 34 and 24 the whole business goes like a pack of cards."

The silence was ominous. Only Landon stood up, stretched his arms and lighted a cigarette. "You fellows make me laugh. One week more, eh? That allows one week to find out just where Ellington'll have to call quits. Well, I'll take three days for it. No use waiting, you know!"

"And what will you do in three days?"

Landon became earnest. "See their man. If we're getting worried, they are too. It's a bluffing game. Here's where we call them."

"Go careful." McGail's uneasiness was reflected in several faces. "You may cure, but you might just as soon—"

"Kill. Precisely. When my mind is made up, McGail, I never go careful. Worst policy in the world." He shrugged his shoulders. "We'll call a general assembly for Wednesday night. Meantime, I'll see Ellington. That's all, isn't it, gentlemen?"

The parley was arranged for. It took place in the faultlessly repressed atmosphere of the great Ellington offices; offices which conveyed as exact an idea of the smooth organization and ordered power of Ellington as those other offices had of the loose, shaggy strength of the laborers. The semi-indirect lighting fixtures diffused a steady but richly glowing light through the dull, rainy afternoon, the smooth carpet was unobtrusive, but spoke with the good taste of wealth, the steel furniture was simple and neat to an extreme, but seemed to conceal vast secrets of finance. Ellington's president was in excellent keeping—suave as the electrics, dressed with the taste that was in the carpet, and with the letter-file's air of

holding and controlling great secrets and great power. Landon jarred on the scene. There was a suggestion of carelessness in his not quite spotless linen, an assertiveness in the slight derangement of his hair, an uncouthness in the fit of his clothes. He was not quite admissible. The lights almost seemed to wink when he came in—indeed the stenographer in the corner started quite perceptibly when she saw him and turned suddenly away, as if perhaps her own decorum might be unduly disturbed by the sight.

"I suppose, Mr. Marshall," said Phil, sitting very upright in the chair designed for the most luxurious of lounging, "I suppose that we might as well come to the point at once."

"Always the best policy." Marshall's facial mask had never been more suave. The realization of how much of a mask it was, and how much depended on his reading through it suddenly sickened Phil. He saw that this was the final battle of his war, that everything depended upon his strategy, his delicacy of sense for the other's thoughts and his ability to conceal his own. It seemed for a moment unequal.

"I know very well, Mr. Marshall, that you are a busy man, and that you would not allow an interruption if—if things had not reached a certain point. A point, I mean, where an interruption might be of advantage to you."

"Precisely, Mr. Landon. And I on my part realize that you would not have done me the honor had things not reached a point where it might just conceivably prove an advantage to you." The parry was deft. Phil shrugged his shoulders.

"So there you are."

"So there you are. Precisely."

"Mr. Marshall, we might as well see where we stand. Now, I know very well that Ellington, Incorporated, can't last indefinitely. On the other hand, I know that our men will suffer discomfort in the coming winter. If this goes on it will only mean a lot of needless waste and unhappiness. In short, I've come to ask you this morning, when will you be through?"

"Very frankly put, Mr. Landon. And deserving equal frankness of reply. I've agreed to meet you this morning in order to ask, what are your terms?"

Phil was clear and emphatic. "Exactly what they were. The sliding scale and the union shop throughout."

Marshall leaned back in his chair, his eyes narrowing. "And our terms are these: the sliding scale."

"Well?"

"Compromise is a great principle, Mr. Landon."

"But that's no compromise!"

"It is one half of what you ask. Ellington is willing to go half way. We desire to be fair, to you and to ourselves."

Landon gripped the chair arm. "But I tell you, that's no compromise! We must have the guaranty for the future. How long do we know the sliding scale will last?"

Marshall gave a slight bow, opening his palms deprecatingly. "As you please. Those are the terms."

"And I tell you we can't accept them. How much do you suppose we have cared for the wages? It's the principle that counts in this. We've not fought through this far for a pay envelope! It's the union, and I can't talk business without that!"

Marshall leaned forward suddenly, one arm on the desk. "Just a moment, Mr. Landon," he said. "Now you are a man of sufficient acumen to perceive that we do not offer something for nothing. It is very true that this strike is inconveniencing us, that it has dragged on too long, and that we are willing to make some sacrifice to get rid of it. Some sacrifice, but no more. Certainly no more."

"There's no sacrifice in that. The sliding scale alone is so much paper!"

"If you won't trust us, yes. But I am a man of some acumen also, Mr. Landon, and I realize that you are not coming here to talk unless *you* are about at the end of *your* rope. Very good. We are perhaps as well informed as yourself of the feeling among your people. We know that this affair —— on for some time as things stand. But"—his voice took on a sudden cold intensity—"just how long do you think it will last after it becomes known that the trusted leader has flatly turned down an offer of higher wages, reinstatement—an offer of a comfortable winter and an essential victory?"

Landon sprang up. "What? You are trying to cut the ground from under me?"

"Oh, no, no. You may still accept. It is a simple offer of terms."

"Then I tell you that I do flatly refuse."

Marshall paused, and placed his finger tips together, studying the other. "One moment more, Mr. Landon. Now you, sir, have considerable influence, and, if I may say, considerable position. If this strike fails, perhaps it has just possibly occurred to you what the consequences to that position will be? Really, one cannot be quixotic in this age, Mr. Landon."

Phil struggled with his anger. "It makes no difference—"

Marshall, still suave, held up his hand. "The offer will not be repeated. And the stenographer is reporting what you say. It will be published fully to-morrow."

Landon faced him squarely. "Then, Mr. Marshall," he said very distinctly, "you are trying to frighten the wrong man. It is not of the smallest consequence in the world what happens to me or my career. Your tactics are faulty. The offer is flatly refused and you can publish what you damn please!" He turned his back on the capitalist and stepped to the door. And then, for the first time, he looked fully at the stenographer. It was Lucy.

His breath came with a rush. And as he met her eyes his life hung balanced. A deep, passionate admiration burned there and illumined for him at last their very depths. For a long instant he gazed at the mysteries in them he had never hoped to see. Her lips moved.

"That was—marvelous, Phil," she whispered.

The strikers' meeting was for the same evening—a fitful, confused evening, a tangled night of cloud and gusty rain and wind and fleeting promises of the moon, that cast up into the lighted hall wet humanity in twos and threes, bringing with them confused thoughts and conflicting necessities. The leaders, gathered in an ante-room, knew that the test had come, that the great effort of months would end to-night in victory or disaster. The men lounged against the walls, fingered watch-charms or nervously consumed cigarettes and listened to the rain come and go beyond the drawn shades.

"Well," said Willmott at last, "it lacks ten minutes. I suppose we've got to take our medicine."

The door slammed and Landon came in, shaking off the wet. "Why didn't you accept?" growled McGail. "It's your damned cock-suredness. If you think you can swing that crowd after telling 'em what you've done— And you've got to tell 'em—before the first editions."

"Eh?" said the other, looking up.

"You might have the civility to listen to us, at least. I said, you've got more nerve than sense if you think you can swing this."

"I don't think I can swing it."

"This is the wrong time to get scared, when you've spilled the beans."

"I knew he had me from the beginning."

Willmott swung savagely. "Then why didn't you accept? You knew the strike was broken either way!"

"I knew," said Phil, "that I'd fought four months and a half to put in the union shop. That I'd led these people in the name of the union shop. That I'd sworn to myself to make Ellington union shop. And that I was not going to have it put over on me. If I lose, I've lost—honestly. That's all there is to it."

"Then you're going in there now and tell them you've sacrificed the sliding scale for your own pig-headed pride?"

"I'm going in there now and tell them that I would *not* sacrifice the union shop—*their* union shop, and if they don't like it they can simply go out and be damned!"

"No," said a new voice, "not that!" They started. A woman slipped across from the doorway to Landon's side.

"Phil, if you hold out another week, you'll win! Anything you want; it's the contract! Tell them they'll win, Phil, tell them it's true. You know it's true!"

She turned her face up to his. For him the room was gone; he was on Mission Hill and there was a fierce music in the great pines that he had never heard before.

"Lucy!" he breathed. "You do this, you break your confidence—for me?"

And Harker, as he watched the lines soften in his face, thought suddenly of an opera crowd a year ago, and a limousine that almost ran them down.

"Ah," said Willmott afterwards, still flushed with the excitement of the thunderous victory. "Magnificent, grand! *What a speech!*"

"And what a leader!" McGail's voice rang. "This is a beginning. My God, where can't we end with that man! He'll shake the world!"

"McGail," said Harker in his slowest drawl. "If there's any world-shaking to be done, I've just got sort of a hunch that you'll have to do it yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Did you notice where he went?"

"No—except I think he went off with the girl."

"And it was very foolish of you to let him. Because—you're a married man, figure it out for yourself—I don't think that he will ever come back."

He never did. And if now they are no happier together than most couples—why, I suppose that's the way of the world.

Walter Millis.

RETICENCE.

Why may we two not talk about love, laughing,
Gay as two song birds, solemn with their singing?
As unrestrained and free as flowers quaffing
The cold white drip of dew the moon is bringing?

For you and I have seen it in the sunlight,
Linking our hearts, and making youth a bright time;
Felt it together, known it as the one light,
Child-love of dawn and passion of the night time.

Yet we're ashamed, and hold our peace completely!
Dumb as two stones we're walking in this meadow.
Come, kiss me, silly love, come, kiss me sweetly!
Let's talk of loving, freely, without shadow!
See how they laugh, the daisies that have seen us!
Dear, we can't love while there is love between us!

John Williams Andrews.

PORTFOLIO.

MOTIF.

The nations wove a girl a crown
 Of a choicest laurel bough,
 Commissioned kings to put it down
 About her spacious brow;
 But she withdrew into a bower,
 Forewent the kings and fame,
 Preferring just the single flower
 From her lover without name.

A. Leisner.

"I WOULD REMAIN—"

Oh, the brooks run wild their banks along,
 The wind is a seraph and sings a song!
 Take it up, my heart, and soul prolong!
 Oh, green is the grass to-day!

Beyond nor hill nor haze lies peace!
 Only my heart and 'twill not cease
 Bearing a burden of swift release!
 Oh, green is the grass to-day!

Oh, look! where the weeping willows bend,
 Look! seaward away the waves contend
 Ceaseless and soft—ah, no end, no end.
 Oh, green is the grass to-day!

Now leave alone what would live alone!
 Fate, bagwise over thy shoulder thrown,
 The only burden a boy should own.
 Oh, green is the grass to-day!

See! the winds make paths on the water
 Good for a god or an oily otter!
 There will I walk with Neptune's daughter!
 Oh, green is the grass to-day!

Down by the sea where the skies are a pain,
 The black earth idle agony—
 Where arrows fall from a quiver of rain
 And love is less than memory,
 Oh, I would remain, would remain!

Oscar Fulton Davison.

—The wine-shop was small and low and very dirty. There were no windows,—only stooping shelves with old pot-bellied bottles along the walls, and one great dazzling oblong of sunlight before the empty doorway, falling athwart the dusk. The summer noises of the sea came up along the white stone mole outside, and very far away where the rocky headland gave place to the clear, gleaming blue of the open water, two sea birds wheeled and cried. It was dull and drowsy, the wine moved slowly in the goblets, and the men lounged stupidly along the benches.

"She'll be a fine ship," said the old man. "Fast. Clean in the cutwater. But she'll be mortal bad in a follerling sea."

The keeper of the shop took up the bottle and slowly, reflectively filled goblet. The wine caught a lazy glint of sunlight and laughed itself away into the brass cup.

"Yes," said the bar-keep judicially, "you can't depend on them ships what's so light aft. They're all built that way now. The *Helen* killed her pilot two weeks ago in a follerling sea." A bee hummed in through the door. Some one in a corner lazily shifted his position. "One big wave," said the bar-keep. "It caught her on the quarter and she yawed quick. The helm laid right flat across his chest and broke him like as you might break an old stick." But no one minded the bar-keep, and the little wavelets kept up their splashing on the mole outside.

"I were in a ship once," said the old sailor, "as steered like that. We had her in the wars. And she give us a mortal lot o'hard trouble." He sighed. "We seen lots o' queer sights in that there old hooker. We had a queer man for a skipper, anyhow."

"Skippers is queer men," said a youth on the opposite bench.

"Ah, but this was a skipper as was queer. He had countless dodges. I remember once—"

The shop-keeper filled the empty cup.

"And that man what the *Helen* killed puts me in mind of it. We was coasting by a little island. A ugly rocky island, too, it was. And the skipper come and put wax in our ears. Queer dodge I calls that."

"But what did he do it for?" asked the curious youth.

"And how should I know? We coasts along and bimeby we sees some gells a-sitting on the shore. They were pretty gells,

too, with a sight o' hair and some harps or what-not. And there was a nasty current there. But we couldn't hear nothing cause o' the wax in our ears. But after a while I sees the mate a-trying to make signs to me. So I gets the wax out o' my ears, and he tells me to take the helm. And then I sees that that there current had a-caught hold o' the steering oar and laid our pilot out cold on the deck! Curious the way they builds them boats that way. So I takes the oar and we goes on."

"But the gells? What might they have been doing?"

"I don't know; they was singing or something."

"Was they singing a chanty?"

"Oh, it was some classical stuff,—I didn't want to listen to it." And the sailor lumbered out into the old-world sunshine of the Aegean shore.

Walter Millis.

KOEL.

THE CHINESE RAIN BIRD.

Light through the bamboo thicket
Flutters the fevered breath of night and dreaming;
Nature sleeps, deep drowsed and restless.
A thousand voices hushed. The starry streaming
Of the Dragon writhes and hisses
In the dusky depth of sky, hot, gleaming.

Hark! The cry of one lone watcher
Breaks upon the heavy stillness. A strain
Of music, clear, yet soft, subdued,
A longing, yearning cry, a sob of pain
From a little heart that throbs and aches:
Koel calling for the rain.

Lingering with the weeping echoes'
Sweet caress, the clear voice swelling
Trembles for a moment in its passion,
Then o'erflowing, breaks, and gently dwelling
Falls until the very depths seem poured
In the heart's last drop of life blood welling.

And once, again the falling cadence dies
Like the wind-stirred ripple o'er
A lotus leaf. And thus the music breathes,
Each time softer, sadder than before,
Until the heart can bleed no longer,
And Koel cries no more.....
The breezes sigh, the dewy showers fall—
But Koel cries no more.

Sam Selden.

NOTABILIA.

—The most striking fact about Yale's reconstruction is that it is not a *re*-construction in any sense of the word. *THE CULTURAL STANDARD* With the return of a normal enrollment, the resumption of the omitted courses, and the Spring plowing on the Campus, the destruction of the War is pretty well repaired. But in offering a Ph.B. degree for a non-classical course in the College the Corporation is taking a step of an entirely different character, for which the conclusion of the War is only responsible as the immediate impetus, and in no way as an original cause.

The change is the result of the changing popular opinion of the country. In England, where the tendency is for people to conform to institutions rather than for institutions to conform to people, the great universities are recognized as setting the cultural standards which the educated in the nation accept. But with us the reverse has been more nearly true; our colleges have been inclined to follow where the country leads, and Yale, the most representative of American universities, is in her present actions adopting once more the guide of public opinion. It has been her standard before. After the Civil War, the general interest in science produced the Sheffield Scientific School, later on the desire for a college education which did not involve too much labor resulted in the Select Course, and now that America is throwing the classics to the winds and putting her faith in Shakespeare and the German philosophers,—immediately we have the Ph.B. degree. The majority rules.

But each new operation of the principle comes with something of a shock. There are some of us to whom it seems a reversal of things as they should be, and it requires a little intrepidity to launch into the seas of the future with nothing, even in our ed-

uactional standards, which shall be sacred and enduring. However, the *Lit.* must on the whole reserve judgment. We are not after all English, and there is much to be said for boldly taking a position of "undiluted Americanism," come what may. So we extend a welcome—a little doubtful and qualified, perhaps,—to the new degree as a logical conformation of the Corporation to the cultural standard which it has accepted. But please spare us,—it is *not* a piece of reconstruction.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Elected to the News from the Class of 1922: Ganson Jay Baldwin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Gardiner Mumford Day, of Summit, N. J., Wells Crosby Root, of Geneva, N. Y.

Elected to the Record: Sylvain Louis Rinehardt, '20, of Dallas, Tex., Langdon Kingsley Storm, '21, of New York City.

Organization of the Graphic Board: Chairman, Charles R. W. Smith, '19 S.; Managing Editor, Henry Wanger, '20 S.; Photographic Editor, Edward K. Welles, '20 S.; Art Editor, Reginald Marsh, '20; Business Manager, Malcolm Oakes, '20 S.; Circulation Manager, Joseph L. Hudson, '20 S.; Assistant Editors, Morris R. Glaser, '20 S., Richard P. Hammond, '20 S., Charles Patch, '20, Henry B. duPont, '20, Staunton Williams, '20, Donald W. Smith, '21, Herbert F. Zipf, '21.

The DeForest Prize: Won by John Martin Vorys, '18, of Columbus, Ohio, with an address on *Prize Speaking*. The Berkeley Premiums were awarded to Edward Walter Bourne, '19, John Van Voorhis, '19, Thomas Louis Stix, '18, Alexander Pinney, '19, and Chun Ch'en, '19.

The John Hubbard Curtis Prize: Won by Stephen Vincent Benét, '19.

Elected to the scholarship fraternity of Sigma Xi: Prof. J. C. Tracy, Dr. A. M. Hort, A. A. Baker, L. W. Bass, C. C. Chen, E. B. Crawford, S. Crute, J. Dolid, R. B. Donworth, H. L. Dudley, Jr., E. A. Earnshaw, Jr., A. B. Engle, B. R. Harris, D. F. Hine, J. J. Horrigan, N. Kan, S. W. Lambert, Jr., H. B. LaRoque, A. J. Lowenthal, C. E. McPartland, F. W. Meyer, I. Novak, J. C. Potter, E. Shorr, H. J. Stander, L. S. Stone, C. J. Stucky, C. F. Thompson, A. M. Wakeman, R. S. Wetsten, B. L. Wilson.

Elected to the Elizabethan Club: Allan Vanderhoef Heely, '19, of Plainfield, N. J., and Dean Kirkham Worcester, '19, of New York City.

Elected to the Junior fraternity of Alpha Delta Phi: From the Class of 1920: Augustus Sabin Chase, of Waterbury, Conn.

From the Class of 1921: Oscar Fulton Davisson, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio; John Wilbur Dwight, Jr., of Washington, D. C.; and Alison Storer Lunt, of Portland, Me. Affiliated from the Class of 1921: Everett Richardson Cook, of Evanston, Ill.

Elected to the Junior fraternity of Beta Theta Pi: From the Class of 1920: Benjamin Glyde Griggs, of St. Paul, Minn. From the Class of 1921: Seibert Gruber Adams, of Albany, N. Y.; William Sherman Kelly, of Wilkesbarre, Penn.; and Kenneth Ward, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Elected to the Junior fraternity of Delta Kappa Epsilon: From the Class of 1920: Robert Barton Reed, of New York City. From the Class of 1921: Allen Davis Ashburn, of Bea-jamin Harrison, Irid.; Charles Harvey Bradley, of Dubuque, Iowa; and Sidney Barnes Hosmer, of Boston, Mass.

Elected to the Junior fraternity of Psi Upsilon: From the Class of 1920: Douglas Prizer, of Orange, N. J.; and Pierrepont Davis Schreiber, of Short Hills, N. J. From the Class of 1921: William Sheffield Cowles, Jr., of Farmington, Conn.; and Totten Peavey Heffelfinger, of Minneapolis, Minn.

Elected to the Junior fraternity of Zeta Psi: From the Class of 1919: Norman Wakefield McDonald, of Portland, Me. From the Class of 1920: Harvey Swartley Reed, of Pittsburgh, Penn. From the Class of 1921: Harold Hunter Schaff, of Pittsburgh, Penn.

Elected to the Sheffield fraternity of Delta Psi: Warner Lewis Atkins, of Cincinnati, Ohio; John Mayo Berkman, of Rochester, Minn.; Reginald Lord Cary, of New York City; Charles Perkins Cottrell, Jr., of Westerly, R. I.; Sherman Hamilton Day, of New York City; William Silverthorne Faurot, of Riverside, Ill.; Whittford Clarke Gillies, of Cleveland, Ohio; Gwynn Way Hoyt, of Syracuse, N. Y.; John Payne Kellogg, of Watertown, N. Y.; Harrison McMichael, of Philadelphia, Penn.; William Edward Otis, of Cleveland, Ohio; Stewart Hastings Richards, of Kansas City, Mo.; William Bakewell Shaffer, of Cincinnati, Ohio; John Slade, Jr., of Bronxville, N. Y.; Thomas Randolph Symington, of Baltimore, Md.; Francis Taylor, of Mt. Kisco, N. Y.; Paul Edwin Trouche, Jr., of Charleston, S. C.; and Watson Stiles Woodruff, Jr., of Orange, Conn.

BASEBALL SCORES.

April 9: Yale 2; Springfield Y. M. C. A. 0.
April 14: Yale 8; Fordham 7.
April 19: Yale 9; Johns Hopkins 5.
April 26: Yale 5; Tufts 9.
May 3: Yale 1; Brown 2.

CREW.

April 19: Yale University Crew defeated by Pennsylvania University Crew.

April 19: Yale Second Crew defeated Pennsylvania Second Crew.

May 3: Yale University Crew defeated Princeton University Crew.

May 3: Yale Freshman Crew defeated by Princeton Freshman Crew.

The Minor "Y": Awarded to John M. Hincks, '20, Edwin Binney, Jr., '21, and Baret Oscar Benjamin, '19, for taking first places in the Intercollegiate Swimming Meet on March 29.

Scholars of the First Rank in the Academic Freshman Class: Azariah Tripp Buffinton, of Fall River, Mass.; Charles Roy Keller, of Cleveland, Ohio; and Robert Guthrie Page, of Madison, Wis.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Afterglow. By James Fenimore Cooper, Jr. With a Foreword by Prof. Henry Augustin Beers, M.A., Emeritus. Yale University Press. (\$1.00).

Ever awake to opportunities of present interest, the University Press is once more to be congratulated most heartily upon the publication of a collection of poems by the late James Fenimore Cooper, Jr., Captain, F. A., N. A. Great-grandson of the famous novelist, a graduate of the class of 1913, he showed marked literary ability and attained noteworthy distinction as an undergraduate; and had not pneumonia carried him off at Camp Dix on February 17, 1918, in his twenty-sixth year, he would undoubtedly have added another name to his alma mater's ever-swelling ranks of men of letters. *Afterglow* shows a lofty soul and the budding of a real poetic genius, which needed only time and practice to develop. "The False Hope" shows the struggle of a noble spirit, strong in defeat, and ever seeking the truth. The fourth stanza is especially good; the poet invokes his soul,

"Yet press thou on a little, for the light
Wreathes the far hills—press on with fearless stride,
Impatient of the cheats of time and place—
E'en through the utmost vacancies of space
Press on! Till at the last thou canst abide
And bear to know thou well hast lost the fight!"

The volume contains many lyrics, the expressions of the various moods of the nascent poet, some emotional, some delicately imaginative, and a few excellent sonnets; yet it is perhaps in the two ballads he has given us that Cooper is at his best, and in this form of writing he would have in all likelihood found his forte had not untimely death prematurely silenced his voice.

W. D. D.

The Wild Swans at Coole. By William Butler Yeats. (The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.)

W. B. Yeats has become so dependable a figure in modern literature that we open a new volume almost without the usual terror lest his individuality shall have become mannerism, or his thought less fresh. And the present collection shows Mr. Yeats in his best vein of lyrical melody. But he has certainly lost something of the Celtic passion and depth of emotion char-

acterizing "Kathleen ni oulihan" and the earlier poems. His pen is still light as Ariel's wing-tip and his appeal as subtle as ever, but we feel a Philistine yearning for "jug of wine" and "loaf of bread" to supplement his aetherial mysticism. The highest praise we can offer to one of so striking an individuality we accord him freely: never have we an impression of effort. His verse is natural, spontaneous, frank. Occasionally he goes deeper—notably in "Major Robert Gregory" and "The Phases of the Moon." And the whole is magnificently redeemed by the Pagan life-love "ignorant and wanton as the dawn," which runs through it hewhile with the creed of Tom O'Roughly, that "an aimless joy is a pure joy."

J. A. T.

Five Tales. By John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

To accuse a man of versatility is often to malign him subtly as a justly loathed "Jack of all Trades." For an artist—whether with pen or brush—to handle more than one or two distinct types of work successfully is a rare phenomena. Which is why we recur briefly to the next to last product of Mr. Galsworthy's fertile pen. We know of him as one of the foremost living dramatists, we are rapidly becoming convinced of his skill as a novelist, his essays, in the two sheaves, are capably and attractively handled, and in the "Five Tales" and his previous collection of short stories we find still another field in which he rises certainly very near the highest pitch of supremacy. His genius lies in the deft development of character through mood, and in a pleasantry garrulous style which leads us to an attitude of accord even when our intellects rebel against his atmospheric settings. We are not sorry to find that Mr. Galsworthy has upheld his reputation for deftly unobtrusive didacticism. A little moral is delightful. We like to leave a book with the sugary sense of spiritual uplift, especially when the book skillfully avoids being itself cloying. And Mr. Galsworthy knows when to stop.

It is many moons since we have read a story more human, or more technically polished than "The Apple Tree." Alone, it would redeem the dullest of volumes, and the "Five Tales" are by no means dull. Read "The Apple Tree."

J. A. T.

The Years Between. By Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.50.)

To pick up a new volume of Kipling is, of course, to raise again the fascinating question, "Will Kipling live in posterity?" And to posterity are attributed so many extraordinary whims that prophecy is bewilderingly baffled. Of one thing we may be sure: posterity, whimsical or no, will never take Kipling to its critical bosom for the sake of "The Years Between." He is still the able craftsman—grant him that. But the old fire, the old verve that produced "Mandalay," the "Galley Slave," most of the "Barrack-Room" ballads, shows its gleam but now and then in this array of commonplace jingles. In the earlier poems included in the collection, this is less true. The stanzas to France, "the buckler of the Gaul," is a very noble tribute to a noble people. And we must bend admiring heads to the "remarkable rightness" of the man who, in 1902, could call the German "the Goth and the shameless Hun." A true Briton and a true man always, there is sincerity and strength in every line, but did not the grim Gethsemane of war ask more than this of the mightiest pen our generation yields?

We are glad to turn again to our well-worn "Kim" and settle complacently down in the confidence born of pride. Here, at least, still lives the strong voice—better, the strong vision—of one whom that same posterity will hardly scorn.

J. A. T.

The Education of Henry Adams: An Autobiography. With an Introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge. (Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price, \$5.00.)

When the ubiquitous and able Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Lodge, in editing "The Education of Henry Adams," called the book "An Autobiography," he unintentionally exposed himself to a suit for libel on the part of the author's relatives. This is not an autobiography. It is not a life. That his family and his work are the two dominant interests in life for the average American is a truism. Yet Henry Adams in his five hundred pages does not once mention his wife, to whom he was devoted, and he makes but one passing reference to the great work by

which he is universally known: "The History of the United States."

But Mr. Adams was not an average American. He was of the same type as Gladstone, who took up the study of a new language at the age of eighty, one of those men who does not consider his education as bounded by the four walls of a college or as completed by an act of grace on attaining his twenty-first year, but who seeks to grow through his whole three score years and ten, and who keenly appreciates the educational value of every experience of life. On the day of his graduation from Harvard he avowed that "as yet he knew nothing," so he set out, a modern Parcelsus, in search of an education. This quest led him all over Europe and all over America; it showed him Mexico and the far wonders of the South Sea Islands; he was equally at home in London, Washington, or Paris; Berlin, Rome, and Tahiti he knew well. He conversed with Garibaldi and gazed on Madame de Castiglione; he was a close friend of Charles Lyell, and of Augustus St. Gaudens; and his acquaintanceship with statesmen bridged the gap from Seward and Sumner to Hay and Lodge. As a boy he knew Zachary Taylor, as an old man he knew Theodore Roosevelt. These and manifold other experiences, which contributed to his education along with his careful reading of Karl Marx, his position in the press-gallery at Washington, or his professorship at Harvard, he describes in a fascinating, and contemplates in a unique, manner. "*La vie, ça t'amuse?*" he asks. Indeed it does, in his pages.

Many have read and condemned, calling this the autobiography of a failure. Perhaps it is, but are we not all perhaps failures? At all events, can we resist the opening lines of the preface in which Adams takes as his guide the opening lines of Jean Jacques Rousseau's Confessions: "I have shown myself as I was; contemptible and vile when I was so; good, generous, and sublime when I was so; I have unveiled my interior such as Thou thyself hast seen it, eternal Father! Collect about me the innumerable swarm of my fellows; let them hear my confessions; let them groan at my unworthiness; let them blush at my meanness. Let each of them discover his heart in his turn at the foot of thy throne with the same sincerity; and let any one of them tell Thee if he dares: 'I was a better man.'"

W. D. W.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"We are embarrassed with a flood of riches," said the Mikado, who was substituting for the Gentle Alice Brown.

"Whose riches?" asked the Aesthete.

"Mine," answered the laconic Emperor, pointing to the accepted manuscript.

"And those?" queried the Aesthete, anxiously looking at the rejected heaps of verse.

"Yours—all yours."

"But I think—", began the Aesthete.

"Don't; it interferes with your work," screamed the Mikado.

The aspiring Aesthete turned up the cuffs of his trousers, trimmed his flowing tie and plunged silently into prose manuscript about the Great Northwest.

The Highly Susceptible Chancellor picked up an anonymous sonnet to Chloris and kept murmuring:

"How sweet. I *love* this one."

"Love," cried the oriental tyrant. "Then it must be yours."

"Well, what if it is? How did you guess it?" asked the Chancellor weakly.

"You don't suppose that you would admit love for anything but yourself—and your productions?"

"Now, my dear Mikado, if there is to be any cleverness here, remember me." This from the Bishop, who was bibulous, for it was only Sunday evening. "Why, last night—"

"You mean this morning in church," interrupted the Mikado, "the heaviness of your drunken wit is only surpassed by the brilliant persiflage of your preaching."

"A most modern man," murmured the Aesthete. "To-day all persons are whimsical and wits forearmed." Whereupon the Bishop solemnly removed his gaiters, apron, and shovel hat and settled down to work, but quite fruitlessly, for even a drunken Divine cannot be very constructive.

THE AESTHETE.

HAROLD J. LASKI'S AUTHORITY IN THE MODERN STATE

Political obedience is the ground of Mr. Laski's discussion. He examines the main theories of the state in the light of certain famous personalities, emphasizing the unsatisfactory character of any political attitude which does not consider the relation of obedience to freedom.

"The real danger in any society is lest decision on great events secure only the passive concurrence of the mass of men. It is only by intensifying the active participation of men in the business of government that liberty can be made secure. For there is a poison in power against which even the greatest of nations must be upon its guard. The temptation demands resistances; and the solution is to deprive the state of any priority not fully won by performance."

—A paragraph from Mr. Laski's book.

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IDEALISM AND THE MODERN AGE

By George Plimpton Adams, Ph.D.

"Now, I am persuaded that amidst all the manifold traditions which lie embedded within our age, there is, through vast reaches of our life and thought, a single idea system which is at work. . . . That many of the fundamental categories of our thinking and of the basic concepts to which the modern age has become habituated, need to be overhauled and reconstructed, is the unescapable lesson of the present world situation, which he who runs may read. This essay is an attempt to understand something of that idea system in the midst of which the present age has been living its life."

—A paragraph from Mr. Adams' book.

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